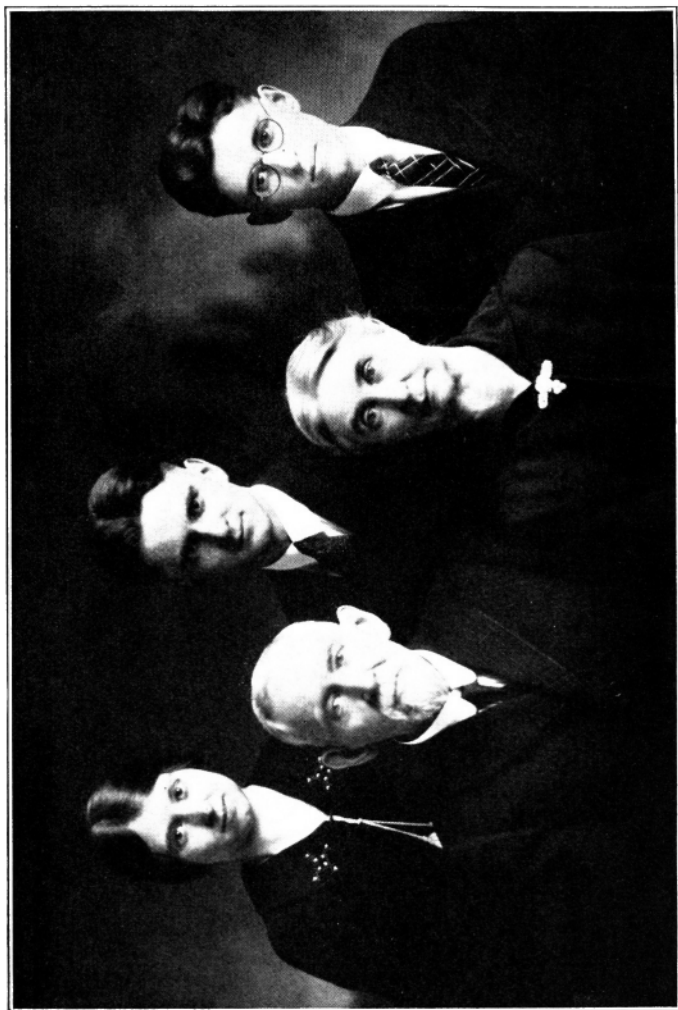


SO HE  
MADE  
IT  
AGAIN

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES

OF

MR. AND MRS. F. A. GRAVES



IRENE

F. A. GRAVES

CARL

MRS. F. A. GRAVES

ARTHUR

# So He Made It Again

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PERSONAL TESTIMONIES  
OF  
MR. AND MRS. F. A. GRAVES

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SO HE MADE IT AGAIN.....\$.50, Postpaid  
An inspirational little book describing two modern  
miracles of healing.

THE NEW GIFT .....\$.35, Postpaid  
Containing gems of songs for Home, Sunday School  
and Revival Meetings.

## FOREWORD

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“So he made it again another vessel as seemed good to the potter to make it.” Jer. 18:4.

The transformation made in our lives by the Healing Power of God has been so great as to amount almost to *re-creation*. We, whose vessels were so marred and broken by disease and suffering have in reality been made *new creatures in Christ Jesus*.

Realizing the great value of personal testimony, we have, with much prayer, arranged this little book for the benefit of those who are suffering. In doing this our desire has been that God shall have all the glory.

“And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman which testified.” John 4:39.

THE AUTHORS



## MY TESTIMONY

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I was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, July 23, 1856. My father was Luther Henry Graves, and my mother was Lucy Maria Bridges, before her marriage. God gave them five children; Anna, Edward, Charles, Frank and Frederick; of whom I was the youngest.

Father was a journeyman tailor. My only recollection of him is of his funeral, at Canfield, Ohio, when I was six years old.

After father's death mother left Edward and Charles in good homes in Canfield, and took Anna, Frank and me back to Williamstown. Later, she placed Frank in a good home in Sunderland, Massachusetts, a little town on the Connecticut River at the foot of Sugarloaf Mountain; about twenty miles from D. L. Moody's great schools for young men and women at Northfield. Sister Anna found a home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, but mother kept me with her for a time. Soon, however, feeling that God was calling her to her heavenly home, she decided to send me to Sunderland to J. W. Russell, where I would be kindly cared for—and kissed her boy good-bye, never to see him again in this life. At nine years of age I was an orphan. (A good many years later, I wrote the following little song in memory of the brief time I was permitted to spend with my mother.)

There's a dear old home in the valley,  
It has stood there many long years,  
'Twas the scene of joys and sorrows,  
'Twas the scene of smiles and tears;  
We were rocked in the old-fashioned cradle,  
Sung to sleep in the old rocking-chair;  
But the mother who sang then so sweetly,  
Sings today in the home over there.

That vine-covered home, how I loved it,  
With its low hanging porch near the well,  
Oh, to think once again of my childhood,  
Brings a thrill that my tongue cannot tell.  
But the memory dearer than other,  
As I look o'er the years fraught with care,  
Is the mem'ry of that precious mother,  
As she sat in the old rocking-chair.

How she watched o'er the flowers in the garden,  
Trained the vines running over the wall,  
Wreathing window with bright morning glories,  
'Neath the great maple tree shading all;  
But her work here on earth now is ended,  
Nevermore will I hear her in prayer,  
Yet I know she is now with the Savior,  
And I'll meet her at last over there.

After living with Mr. Russell for about three years, I found another good home with Hollis Graves and his widowed mother.

Early in life, I accepted Christ as my Savior, and united with the Congregational Church; and I praise God that, through the influence of the church, and father's and mother's prayers, I was kept from forms of vice with which so many young people are ensnared. I can say, to the glory of God, that I never used an oath in my life, nor smoked a cigar or cigarette. There was, however, an arrow of an awful kind that pierced me shortly.

One February morning, when I was fourteen years old, the family were about to leave home for a couple of days, and the horse and sleigh were at



the door, when suddenly I fell in the snow with an attack of epilepsy. No words can describe the sorrow and anguish that filled my boyish heart when I became conscious again and learned what had happened to me. I had known of a similar case that was pronounced incurable, and I feared that I was a doomed young man.

About two years later, I was carried home from school on a load of straw, in one of the enemy's attacks, and was finally taken from school altogether. Many sad hours were spent alone in my room, for I was kept away from many gatherings of the young people, and I sometimes wondered whether God were doing just right by me.

At the age of twenty-one, I decided to join my brother Frank, who had gone to Minnesota sometime before. I had great hopes that a change of climate would help me, but no relief came, and I continued to take a certain patent medicine which was shipped to me from New York.

Our western home was near a little town called Bigelow, about twelve miles from Worthington, the county seat of Nobles County. We had many happy times on those prairies among the people of Ransom Township, who worshipped in a little school house. Our house was known as the home of the three jolly bachelors—Brother Frank, Fred Hubbard and myself.

I was importuned to teach a singing school, and although feeling utterly disqualified to do so, I finally agreed. I think that I learned more than any of my pupils, for I had to study my lesson thoroughly before I could stand before them. I used to go out into the sheep barn and beat time before the sheep. I doubt whether the sheep were greatly benefitted by it—but I was.

There was a neighbor by the name of D. C.

Holmes, a farmer and a devout man, who was a most welcome visitor at our house, as he was a great lover of music, and a good singer. He was called "eccentric" by some, for he would drive in all sorts of weather to attend a prayer meeting. Whoever else was absent, "Brother Holmes and his mules" (for he drove a team of mules), were expected to be there. He was our Sunday School Superintendent, and adept at blackboard work. One Sunday, an American Sunday School Union Missionary attended our service, and was much interested in Brother Holmes' "Chalk Talk." At the close of the service, he proposed that Brother Holmes leave his farm and work for the Sunday School Union. He finally accepted the call and exchanged his mules for a horse and buggy. Feeling that the horse should have a Bible name, he called him "Dan."

The neighbors called Brother Holmes eccentric, because he painted on his barn in large letters, "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" When he drove along the road, if he saw a large flat stone, he could not rest until he had printed on it, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" or some passage of Scripture. Printed on the back of his buggy were the words, "MARK 10:14 (Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God)." The reader may ask why I am giving so much of the life of my brother Holmes; but this question will be answered later.

He drove over the six southwestern counties of Minnesota; organizing Sunday Schools, encouraging those already in existence, and holding revival meetings. After being in the employ of the American Sunday School Union for some time, he sent in his resignation, feeling that it was not right for the Union to support him when the people among

whom he worked, were abundantly able to do so. So he announced that he would live the Life of Faith in God, and take what came in.

One day, he came to me with the astounding proposal that I too should leave the farm and work with him. I was amazed at this, for the disease of epilepsy was still upon me. I fell under horses' feet and through scaffolds, and was getting no victory. I said, "How can you think of taking me into public work?" He coolly replied, "God can heal you." "But," I said, "He doesn't do it." "You do not trust Him," said he. I answered, "Yes I do; I pray to Him every day, 'God bless the medicine.'" "Where does the Bible tell you to pray, 'God bless the medicine?'" he asked. I did not know—and have never been able to find out.

Brother Holmes had been reading the writings of A. J. Gordon, Dr. Cullis, Carrie Judd Montgomery, and best of all, studiously searching the Word of God; and was convinced that if Jesus Christ is "The same yesterday, and today, and forever," according to Hebrews 13:8, He can do the same works today that He did when upon earth. Psalm 103:3 says, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," and Brother Holmes felt that if He is the same Savior from sin, He must be the same Healer of disease.

I had not looked at the subject in that light, for I was taught, that "The day of miracles is past." Reader—how can this be, if Jesus Christ is "The same yesterday, and today, and forever?"

One day, I received a postal card from Brother Holmes that read, "I shall hold a ten days' revival meeting in Grand Prairie Township, and wish you would come and help me." This was late in the fall of the year, so that I could be spared from the farm; but should I go out into public work; and if

I went, should I go with or without my medicine? I finally decided to go without my medicine, and the last thing before getting into his buggy, I went upstairs; and, kneeling beside my bed, prayed, "O God, I am going away to work for You— keep me until I get back to the medicine."

Oh! God does honor "little faith," if that is all that He can get! With a light heart I left the house, December 9, 1888, and was soon in a cottage prayer meeting. To my delight (and shall I say to my surprise), there was a conversion in that first meeting. Many others followed, and my own soul was revived.

One night I was awakened by the call of my system for the medicine. I was alarmed, and wished, Oh, how I wished, that I had brought some and taken it secretly. However, it was thirteen miles away, so I prayed, "O Lord, keep me these few remaining days." Then the Holy Spirit gently spoke to me saying, "Here in these meetings, you are urging people to trust God. They are afraid they cannot hold out, and you are telling them that God will hold them. Here you are, asking God to keep you until you get back to your medicine. Why do you not ask Him to keep you for a year, and if for a year, why not for the rest of your life?" At once, I realized that I was limiting God, and then and there said farewell to the medicine. This was more than thirty years ago, and, thank God, I have never touched it since.

We closed the precious revival, and I returned to my home. When I told my brother and his wife of my decision to trust God in a new way, they looked very sober, fearing that I would regret the step that I had taken. They were very patient with me, however, and lived to praise God for the outcome. Before long, I left the farm to work with Brother Holmes.

I think it was the following spring that I went to Chicago to the Moody Bible Institute for three months. While there, I fell in the street with my old trouble, but was so built up in God under the ministry of such men as D. L. Moody, F. B. Meyer, Andrew Murray, Dr. Driver and others, that I did not lose faith in God, although I do not remember that any of them spoke on Divine Healing.

At the close of the term, Professor Towner asked me to go to Northfield, Massachusetts, with him, to attend a training class for Gospel Singers, in connection with the Moody Convention. While I was there, he took me to Brattleboro, Vermont, to the Estey Organ Company to see if he could get a portable organ for me. We were shown one weighing seventy-two pounds, which had no knee swell. He insisted that a knee swell be put on. When we went for it the next week, we found it complete, knee swell and all. (The organ which I now have, is a Bilhorn, weighing only nineteen pounds, and is indeed a great improvement over the first one.)

I used the new organ for the first time at a meeting in Williamstown, Massachusetts, my birthplace. At the close of the service, an old lady, dressed in black, came slowly down the aisle, and taking me by the hand, said, "You do not know me, but I knew your mother, and if ever there was a saint on earth, it was your mother." Priceless words for a son to hear of his mother who had gone to her reward! Surely, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Proverbs 22:1.

During the Moody Convention, I was invited to spend an evening in the home of Ira D. Sankey, where I met the world renowned hymn writer, blind Fannie Crosby. I esteemed it a great privilege to

visit with those two, whom God had so graciously endowed with the gift of the Gospel in Song. It has been said that of the hundreds of hymns that Fannie Crosby wrote, her favorite was "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior."

Upon my return to Minnesota with the precious organ, we said good-bye to dear old Dan, and bought a team and wagon. We placed on this wagon a large box, painted white, and bearing the letters "THIRD S. S. DISTRICT BIBLE WAGON," in which we carried Moody Colportage Books, song books, tracts, a pair of large Rochester lamps to light the dark school houses where our meetings were held, and the little organ, which was especially admired by the children.

One day, we learned that John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago, a man who was being used of God in the ministry of Divine Healing, was in Minneapolis. I decided to go to hear him, for I was not yet free from the enemy's power.

While in Minneapolis, I was entertained in the home of Mrs. Abbie Morrow (now Abbie Morrow Brown). On a Sunday morning in August, 1890, I went into the bath room, locked the door, and had filled the large tub with water, when suddenly the enemy plunged me head first into the tub in an epileptic fit. If ever the devil could say, "I have you now," it was then.

Mr. Morrow told me afterward, that he heard splashing and groaning in the bath room but could neither get in nor see in, so he went to the street and called a policeman to force open the door. They found my head entirely under water. They took me out and laid me on the floor saying, "He is dead." Only God knows whether I was dead or not. A hemorrhage followed, and blood gushed from my mouth in large quantities. In great pain, I was

laid on the bed; Mrs. Morrow knelt by the sofa and plead with God for my life, while they called for Dr. Dowie, who came and prayed for me.

The following day, God spoke to me by the Holy Spirit. I seemed to see a thermometer which registered degrees of faith, and as I looked, I realized that when the mercury was high, I was safe from falling, but when it was low, I was in danger. The thermometer registered very low faith just then. Lifting my heart to God, I cried, "O Lord, how can I keep my faith up to the top?" He answered, "You have nothing to do with that. You do the trusting, and I will take care of your faith." I needed not to watch my faith, but simply to trust, and commit it to Him.

Immediately, I sprang from the bed, dressed, and rushed downstairs to the parlor, where Mrs. Morrow was entertaining a caller. Without stopping for callers or anything else, I burst into the room, shouting, "I believe God healed me a few minutes ago, and now I want to go and tell Dr. Dowie." The old sorrel horse was hitched to the post outside, so I drove at once to the West Hotel. I told Dr. Dowie what God had done for me, and he remarked, "I am glad that it is so, for your faith will be stronger than it would have been had I laid hands on you," for he realized that God was dealing with me.

As I returned from the hotel, I was aware that another personality was beside me, boldly saying, "You are not healed; this is excitement—you have no evidence of healing." Oh! if I had only had discernment to recognize that this was a demon from hell, tempting me—but I did not. I lost sight of Jesus and the Word of God, and looking at myself, became fearful. Upon my arrival at the house, I threw myself on the bed in great agony of spirit, fearing

that I had allowed myself to be deceived in thinking that I was trusting God, when perhaps after all it was only excitement, and not the Lord at all. Then, wishing that I had kept the experience to myself, I began to think seriously of throwing away the whole precious teaching of Divine Healing, saying to myself, "Some may grasp it, but I cannot: I will return to the farm, order another supply of medicine which will perhaps relieve the trouble somewhat, and then wait for Jesus to take me home, and—Oh, I wish it might be soon!"

I touched the bell, and Mrs. Morrow came to my bedside. She seemed to discern the state of my mind, even before I said, "O Mrs. Morrow, I was so happy a little while ago in a new life of trust, and now everything is so dark." As I remember her prayer, it was in substance, "O Jesus, Thou who wast tempted forty days and forty nights, help this brother." In a flash, I grasped the thought of Jesus' temptation, and realized that this was my hour of temptation. Quickly I thought, "How did Jesus combat the Devil? With the Word of God. I will use the Word of God." I reached for Isaiah 41:10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness," and hurled it at the enemy. Again, I Corinthians 10:13, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Also, Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," and one other verse that I do not recall. I remember



that there were four verses, and that I thought of the time when Paul was on shipboard, "When all hope that they should be saved was taken away," that they "Cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day." Then victory came; I saw the trick of the enemy, and arose rejoicing in the power of the Christ to deliver.

What a dreadful place is "Doubting Castle!" In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* we read that Giant Despair captured Christian and Hopeful and thrust them into Doubting Castle, where he beat them fearfully and gave them nothing to eat for three days. They finally escaped by unlocking the prison with the key of promise which they had in their bosom. Thus did God deliver me from the attack of the enemy. O my readers, keep as far away from "Doubting Castle" as you possibly can.

Two days later, I took the train for Worthington; and, in the evening, led the singing in a Y. M. C. A. Convention. One verse of a solo that I sang was,

I have found the Savior precious,  
And I love Him more and more.  
He has rolled away my burden,  
And my mourning days are o'er.

That night, my room was lit up with the light of heaven, and I have never experienced greater joy and peace in my soul than I did then. Some called this "Sanctification." Whatever it was, it came as the result of yielding my will wholly to God.

That same night, I saw the only vision that I have ever seen. While seemingly wide awake, I saw Jesus and the devil contending for my body. I felt blows strike me, but they did not hurt me. I heard Jesus say to the devil, "You may strike him, but you cannot hurt him for I have bought him and

he is mine." With these sweet words in my mind, I fell asleep. I never again asked God for healing, but expressed my determination in the song, "I'm Resting My Case in His Hands."

After my severe trial, God had a great and blessed surprise for me. To the delight of myself and friends, God enabled me to write Gospel songs. "Room For All," was the first, and others followed. One day, while stopping for dinner in Windom, I learned that Evangelist Smead was conducting services in a church nearby. I went to the church, and during the service he held up the Bible, saying, "Get the honey out of the Rock." That remark stayed with me as I drove on my way, and as I turned it over in my mind, the words of the song, "Honey in the Rock," came to me. Before I slept, the song was complete with words and music, and has since been printed in millions of copies. From this incident, I learned the importance of being in the place where God wants you, ready for a blessing from Him. If you have read "Expectation Corner," you will remember that there was a great number of packages on a shelf marked, "Missed Blessings." When the guide was asked the meaning of this inscription, he answered, "These are packages of blessings intended for people who failed to be in their place to receive them." I have often thought that if I had not gone to that little church, and if the speaker had not said what he did, that hymn might never have been written.

I was in a home where I saw, on the piano, a motto which read, "Nailed To the Cross for Me," and soon God gave me the hymn, "He Was Nailed To The Cross For Me."

Have you a motto in your home?

On another occasion, I was seeking God's guidance regarding an important step, and prayed,

"O God, if this is your leading, give me a beautiful hymn." The answer He sent was the hymn, "He'll Never Forget To Keep Me." These and other of my hymns have since been compiled and published in book form under the title "THE NEW GIFT."

Daniel Webster was once with a little company who were speaking of the Bible verses which were most precious to them. Some spoke of the 23rd Psalm, others, of the Sermon on the Mount, and others, of the 13th chapter of first Corinthians, as being their favorites. Finally Mr. Webster was asked what he considered the greatest passage in the Bible. He replied, "Habakkuk 3:17 and 18. 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' " One day, as I was driving into the town where I had placed my savings in the bank, I was startled when I read the sign, "This Bank is Closed." Alas, for the fate of my few hundreds of dollars! As I started for my home, Brother Holmes said, "Good-bye, remember Habakkuk 3:17 and 18." As I drove along, I took out my Bible and read these verses, and presently music to carry it to hearts in trial came to me. (I did not lose my money.)

As I close this account of God's wonderful dealings with me in the great deliverance from the demon of epilepsy, my heart overflows with thankfulness and great joy that now, after thirty years of complete victory, I can write this testimony for other afflicted ones. I am reminded of the first official message that was flashed over the Morse telegraph; "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT." For He who wrought in me so marvelously, "is able

to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." Eph. 3:20.

F. A. GRAVES

### THE WOUNDED BIRD

It lay by the dusty roadside,  
Where the people came and went;  
But none looked down on the panting bird  
Whose life was nearly spent.

One woman did, but she hurried on,  
With a sigh of helpless pain,  
As she said, "Poor lark, with broken wing,  
You can never fly again."

It fluttered in hopeless anguish  
All day, 'till the sun was set  
And the night came down in silence  
On the slopes of Olivet.

But the Master, who lay on the sod that night,  
'Neath the trees and the open sky,  
Could not rest for the sound that pierced His heart  
Of the dying birdling's cry.

As the glory of the morning  
Was touching the Eastern hill,  
He came to where the weary bird  
Lay faint, and cold, and still.

He bent His face, with compassion,  
Over the shattered thing;  
It was bruised, and broken, and dying—  
It could never soar nor sing.

He drew it from the tangled grass  
With the hand of healing and power,  
And He said, "You shall soar and sing for me  
As lark never sang before!"

Then He lifted it high on His blessed palm,  
And it spread its wings to fly;  
It filled the blue Judean sky  
With a flood of melody

That echoed o'er plain and hill  
With such triumphant strain  
That men stood still to drink their fill,  
And turned to drink again.

On wings that were strong and tireless,  
As an eagle on its way,  
It mounted up to the throne of God,  
Past the gates of earthly day.

And it sang its song of liberty,  
While angels stood in amaze,  
And they took up the song as it swept along,  
And all heaven rang with its praise.

The song of the Bird with the Broken Wing  
Is the song my heart is singing;  
And the victory of His matchless grace  
Through all my life is ringing.

Up out of the tangle of sin and shame,  
His love has lifted my soul,  
And the healing touch of the Son of God  
Has freed me and made me whole.

From pain, and death, and sore defeat,  
I rise to the heavens above,  
And come back to earth to repeat the song  
Of the power of redeeming love.

—*Selected.*



## MRS. GRAVES' TESTIMONY

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It is with joy that I wish to add my testimony of God's mighty power to that of my husband, for truly He hath done great things for us.

I was born November 20, 1867, of Christian parents, and grew up on my father's birthplace, near Geneva, New York.

I was never strong, being overcome by sickness often, and had a curvature of the spine from childhood. I was a dressmaker, and while sewing away from home, took the measles, which developed all that was not right in my body. Kidney trouble increased, and my eyes were so bad that I was obliged to stay in a darkened room, and wear heavy shades, and finally the doctor feared that the right eye would have to be removed. However, gradually my eyes became somewhat better, but I had to wear strong glasses and be very careful about the light, as I suffered constant pain in my head, and the pain in my back had never ceased since I had the measles. It seemed as if I could not give up to blindness, of which there was great danger, but our prayers were heard, and sight was left, though so impaired that I was unable to distinguish a single feature of my dear mother's face.

My condition grew worse all the summer of 1893, and in November I was stricken with convulsions, as though I had been shot. My physician

pronounced it an acute attack of Bright's disease. These attacks were liable to occur at any time in the advanced stages of the disease. How I suffered! Yet God in His mercy preserved my reason, so that I never lost consciousness, even though unable to speak. I was very low for days, but skill, excellent care, and prayer enabled me to sit up again at the end of six weeks. Very slowly, I gained sufficient strength to keep up about the house through the winter. It was four months before I could step up a step, and longer before I could ride, after that attack. The doctor put me on a strict diet, but in spite of all that was done to relieve me, the pain never eased in my back. I grew worse again during the summer of 1894, and my physician was very grave. August 28, 1894, was the last time that I was in a carriage or away from home for two years and eight months.

I asked my physician to tell me the plain truth, which he did, and I thanked him for it. He said that I might die at any moment; or, with great care might live for some time. September 1, 1894, I was again confined to the bed, suffering intense pain, and becoming very nervous. For seven weeks I lay there, having several sinking spells with my heart, the pain in my back becoming worse, and my eyes again failing. The doctor advised me to try to sit up some; so father carried me in his arms, and placed me in the easy chair, filled with pillows, and there I sat a part of each day for three weeks, gaining strength enough to stand upon my feet and take a few steps. November 7th, I was not so well, in fact it seemed as though I could never live through the day. Toward night, my heart became very uncertain—first quick, then slow. It continued to run higher and higher, feeling as if something had given out, and it was literally running away, until 138



beats a minute were registered. Father hastened for the doctor, and they worked over me for hours. As I was sitting in the chair when my heart ran up, they dared not move me; after hours of hard work and much prayer it began to slow down within bounds. The reaction they feared came toward morning, and the heart grew slower and fainter, until only 50 beats were registered to the minute. I was unable to speak, and soon the pulse could not be felt in my wrist. Oh the agony! How the dear ones worked over me! The doctor did not leave for hours, and of course we depended on him, for we had never heard of the Better Way.

Finally, my heart strengthened a little and became steadier, but for forty-eight hours I sat in that chair, only just alive, and suffering such intense pain that I should have been glad to die. When the forty-eight hours were up, as I was still living, they brought a bed into the sitting room and lifted me into it, not changing my position. I grew icy cold as soon as I was moved. From that time, no attempt was made to feed me for several days, as they expected every breath to be the last. Still, prayer was answered, and I lived on. From the time they put me into the bed, for two years and five months, I was not even turned in bed, being bolstered in the same position as when in the chair. Once every three weeks, father took me in his arms while my bed was made. They changed me between times without moving me, as every movement brought on such terrible cramps all over my body that great knots like a man's fist would come up, and the toes double back on my feet.

It was months after my heart failed, before I could lift my right hand to feed myself (and that hand was always freer than the other). I lived a year and a half on beef tea and dry bread. Then

the diet had to be changed.

My heart enlarged rapidly after it failed, and as it grew, it hardened or it would have burst. Oh, the unspeakable agony of those weary days and months! My nerves were in such condition that the slightest start might prove fatal, and all work done in the home was done on tip-toe, as I was so sensitive to the least jar. No one spoke aloud in the house outside my room during those two years and five months (and we were a large family). The rapid driving of any vehicle past the house, caused the perspiration to roll down my face, for it felt as though they had driven over my heart.

I was given most intelligent treatment; my physician, Dr. McCaw, being recognized as very skillful. A New York specialist and other physicians agreed with him in the diagnosis of my disease, and admitted that the case had been extremely well handled, or I should have died long before. He was a Christian gentleman, and helped me greatly, often repeating parts of sermons, and enquiring how my faith was holding out. We were seeking at that time, not knowing what we were looking for, but something different from the simple faith that we have since learned to know. The doctor frankly told me that I must not expect permanent relief from the medicine, for the disease was on the march, and he said, "Medicine never cures anyone." Still, I did look for help from it.

I could not endure hearing anyone read aloud, so my brother made an easel to fit over me in the bed, and mother would place the Bible on that, and turn the pages for me. So, with powerful glasses, if feeling strong enough, I could read a little myself. In that way, I read and received great blessing. I had been a Christian since I was twelve years old, and a member of the Methodist Church, yet I knew

I had not always lived as a Christian should. Though outwardly submissive to what I believed to be God's will, I was not ready to die, except to escape the awful suffering I constantly endured. Rebellion was in my heart, for I felt that God was unjust, as we had always been taught to accept sickness from God's hand, and to use medicine, asking His blessing upon it.

In May, 1895, my heart again failed, grew more rapidly, and became so enlarged that the ribs lay over it like fingers, the breast bone turned out side-ways, and the shoulder blade was forced out considerably at the back. From the time of the heart's first failure, it had been as black and blue over and around it as though I had been pounded. Two blisters were kept over the kidneys that often bled when mother dressed them. Powerful heart stimulants were injected three times a day, in the chest over the heart, and other heart medicines were given internally, together with the purest brandy we were able to get, and a sponging with clear alcohol every night. Sufficient stimulant was given me daily, to kill a well man.

The Spirit of God continued to strive with me, the church bells rang incessantly in my ears, and I was grieved because of many lost opportunities. Two little books, "The Prayer of Faith," and "Heavenly Pearls Set in a Life" (in which the authors spoke of their remarkable healings), impressed me strongly, and created a longing for such faith; but I did not dream that an ordinary person, such as I, could possess it. I could believe that some people were fitted to receive such blessing, but not all. Father would often say, "Jesus raised the ruler's daughter even after death." To this I replied, "I know His power is the same, but would it be His will for me?"

The Bible, lying on my bed, was a source of great comfort, and when suffering too much to read, I could lay my hand upon it and whisper, "My Father," which always brought relief. God spoke to me in the night, and even in the daytime, I heard a voice as plainly as mother's, saying, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," with the accent on the Me. Now, I know that it was the voice of Jesus, speaking to my spirit, asking for my trust. My interest in the Bible deepened, and it never failed to open to some miracle of healing, both in the Old and New Testaments. I asked God to send me the light, and He did, for I had much to learn. Thus He drew me on, and I found myself speaking to Him as quietly and trustfully as I would to mother.

Just at this time, God sent a messenger to me. A young man, whom I knew slightly, had been in Chicago, studying for the ministry; and, having completed his course, returned home for a visit before going to his charge. While in Chicago, he had attended some Divine Healing services, believed the teaching and had been greatly blessed. Knowing of my sickness, and its utter hopelessness, the Lord impressed him to tell my people of the wonderful miracles he had witnessed. He also brought literature on the subject for me to read. After he left the house, mother told me what he had said, and it burst upon me like sunlight, that here was my message and my light. I read and re-read, and seemed to have awakened in the time of Christ. Before leaving, this friend offered to write a letter to Dr. Dowie in regard to me. Divine Healing was new to us and we were glad to learn all we could about it. As we read, talked and prayed, we saw that it was the Word of God, and I was wonderfully uplifted. We were obliged to wait nearly three weeks for an answer to that letter, and Satan sorely

tempted me to believe that it might be true for some people, but I would probably hear nothing further about it. At last, a letter came from Dr. Dowie, saying that he would be glad to hear from us personally. Oh, how the load lightened! I decided to write the letter myself, and the determination brought the strength.

In my letter, I asked if such a case as mine had ever been healed, and explained my condition fully. The answer came back, "Your case is no exception with the Lord," and immediately God opened my eyes to His wonderful word, "Whosoever will may come." This was my answer from the great King, Himself, and once more I heard the sad, sweet voice, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." I knew the voice, and almost saw His face looking upon me in such tenderness and love, and I said, "My Jesus, I will believe in Thee; Thou art still the same."

The physicians had said that I could live only two or three days if the powerful heart stimulants were discontinued. Convulsions and death would quickly follow. On the other side, was the Word of God, Himself—THE FULL GOSPEL. I was in a very close place. Finally, I wrote, asking why I could not be healed and still use the medicine. I felt condemned as soon as I had written the letter, realizing that my faith was in the medicine more than in God. He answered that they could not pray with the degree of assurance that they could if I were willing to give it up, since my faith in that would hinder perfect faith in God. How plain it was! I was staggered at my own smallness with the Lord. Tiny indeed was my faith, and yet I had honestly supposed it to be strong. After praying for guidance, I opened my Bible to Jeremiah 17:5 to 8. Staring me in the face were the words, "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh

flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." This was my direct answer, and I told mother that whether I lived or died, I would trust God. One prop after another had been dropped from under me by God, Himself, through His Word and by revelation, until I felt that it would cost me eternity if I did not follow His leading.

On January 8, 1897, I wrote asking for prayer on the morning of January 12th, at nine o'clock, saying that I would leave off all medicine on the 10th, being dependent on our own prayers during the two intervening days. This letter was written with less effort and pain than I had before experienced. Peace and surety filled my heart during these two days, for I read that He cared for the sparrows, and I was of more value than they. What joy filled my heart as I realized His care! Once, Satan tried to frighten me. A great weakness came over me, but prayer and a steadfast look to God drove him away, and I was easier and stronger, with a steadier heart than I had known for more than two years.

Mother wakened me early on the morning of the 12th, that I might be ready for prayer. At nine o'clock, I was left alone, the rest of the family going apart into another room to pray. I lay there waiting, praying, expecting. Soon I felt the prayer

being offered for me, and warm thrills like electricity surged through my body until my fingers and toes tingled; while across my back, the seat of the disease, it felt like literal fire, as the Divine Life poured into and through me. Oh, what a blessed experience! I could only lie still and say, "My Father! My Jesus!" My dear ones (who had also felt a measure of the same life-giving power, which cheered their sad hearts with the assurance that I was to be strong and well once more), then came into my room and inquired how I felt. I said, "Better," and asked for my shoes. Mother said in astonishment, "You are not going to get up?" I replied, "I feel as though I would like to." So my shoes were brought, and I raised up and drew them on, myself. Mother feared that my limbs, which were drawn up and stiffened at the knees and ankles, and which two of them pulling together could not straighten, would not bear my weight. (A new curvature had also appeared in my spine, caused by the position in the bed.) I did not know whether I could stand, but something impressed me to go on. Slipping from the bed, and raising myself slowly and surely—I stood perfectly erect, and squarely on both feet. Knees and ankles had obeyed the power of God, and there I stood, for the first time in nearly three years. My dear parents, sisters and brother, who had so lovingly and tenderly cared for me during all my sickness, were nearly beside themselves with joy, as we sang the grand old Doxology, praising God with tears of joy streaming down our faces. This was the first music that sad, prison-like home had known in three years, for Satan had so bound me, that music, especially, drove me frantic. What a day it was! I crossed the sitting room, where I had lain so long, went into the dining room, and looked out into the kitchen. Father kept re-

peating, "Thank the Lord! Praise the Lord!" while tears flowed from all our eyes. We had never been so happy before.

I went back to bed, my heart not in the least excited by the exertion, and was very comfortable all day until toward night. Then the enemy came, and with such subtlety did he work, that I did not recognize him until I was well under his control. He made me sorry for the doctors, who had spent years in study, and this was followed by one thing and another, until he boldly thrust in the thought that I had done a most singular thing in turning away from all human means. I knew it was Satan, and said to him, "I have the Whole Bible, and God, Himself back of that." Although I fought hard, he had taken me unawares in my weakness, and the pain came back furiously, till the perspiration rolled down my face. He told me that this was the collapse which the doctors had feared, and that they were right after all. He said, "See how quickly your new strength has gone." Tongue cannot describe the battle waged in mind and body. The struggle was so fierce that I cried, and was unable to control myself. Father prayed with me, which brought comfort, but no relief. I asked mother if she thought it would be wrong for me to use the medicine once more. She felt that since we had started to trust God, the attack would pass off if I remained firm. However, as I seemed powerless to pray, she offered to bring it, if I insisted. But neither of us felt right about it. Satan conquered, and in spite of the Spirit's strivings, I took one quarter of a dose. It seemed to me that the devil laughed audibly as soon as I had taken it. Oh how sorry I was! How deeply I repented of that willful sin! During all my sickness I never endured such suffering as I brought on myself through this act. When the effects of



this medicine had worn off, I had become sufficiently humbled to vow before God that never again would I touch another drop, and He has enabled me to keep that vow.

I still held to the diet, and the position in bed, for God had not yet revealed to me that this was also lack of faith. But as my hunger increased, and I could not swallow the diet, it occurred to me that since I was trusting God, why not eat? I stood this hunger two days, and finally asked mother to bring me some potato (which I had not tasted for more than three years). She quickly brought me a very large potato, a good sized piece of broiled steak and two slices of bread and butter. They laughed to see me devour that meal; nothing had ever tasted half so good. I even picked up the tiny crumbs, and could have eaten more. No inconvenience followed that hearty meal; it digested naturally. The position in bed now grew tiresome, but in my ignorance, I thought my heart must gain more strength before I could lie down. My father, noticing my restlessness, asked why I did not lie down. So when I got up for mother to make the bed, I had her take away six of the eight pillows, leaving only two small ones. I climbed into bed and lay down, and for a few minutes it seemed as though I would suffocate. But prayer brought relief, and I breathed easier lying flat, than I had been able to in the old position.

When night came, realizing that mother was very tired, the enemy whispered, "You had better not try to lie so flat all night." I listened, and against the Spirit's protestations, had mother put back five more pillows. I was most uncomfortable, but stood it as long as I could, until I was so tired that my bones ached as if they would drop to pieces. As I lay there, the Lord showed me that dependence on self would only result in the enemy's gaining con-

trol, since in helping myself, I was keeping Christ out. Only perfect obedience would bring the blessing I sought.

The great pad of cotton across my chest (I had not been able to bear the weight of the blankets over my heart), now felt like lead. I tossed it, with the pillows on the floor, saying, "Here, Lord, take me and do Thou for me; I will no longer try to do Thy work for Thee. I give up my spirit, soul and body." When I made that surrender, I felt the disease leave me, as though something had melted away. I fell into a sweet sleep, and did not awaken until ten o'clock the next morning.

We had not realized that I was bloated; but, in three days the bloat was gone, leaving me a veritable skeleton, weighing only eighty-seven pounds, although my height was five feet, six inches. I gained two pounds a week, and six weeks from the day I first stood on my feet, walked about two blocks down a steep little hill, and also climbed a flight of thirteen steps, unassisted.

My eyes had also improved, so that I could not see through my glasses, so I laid them away, and after about three days, my sight was perfectly restored. My spine was straight, the two great blisters having healed without a scar; the heart was normal in size, strong, and steady with the discoloration all gone.

My physician, knowing of my healing, came and examined me and pronounced me sound and well, and rejoiced with us over my deliverance.

Surely God is no respecter of persons, and it was due to no merit of my own—simply for Jesus' sake—because I was one of God's suffering little ones.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

(Mrs.) VINA I. PECK GRAVES

## AFTERWARD

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God was pleased, in His wonderful love and mercy, to bring together this man whom He had so marvelously healed of epilepsy, and this woman whom he had delivered from a life of such awful suffering, and to cause them to love each other.

We were married, August 16, 1899, by our beloved brother, D. C. Holmes (since gone to glory, and whose body lies in Essex, Iowa). Ours was a happy union, and God blessed us with three dear children—His heritage. A little daughter first gladdened our hearts, and although Satan fought for her life at birth, he was defeated. Nearly two years afterward, a little son came; and later another son was given to us.

Our children were consecrated to the Lord, even before birth, and while very young found Jesus as their personal Savior and Healer; for the Lord was now our only Physician.

My husband's work for the Lord often took him from home for weeks at a time, and we rejoice that our heavenly Father's watch-care was always over us. Through sunshine and shadow He led us, as only in trial and testing could His plan for our lives be wrought out.

When our eldest son was seven months old, he was suddenly taken very ill with pneumonia, and was dying—the gray shadow of death was upon his

face. We cried to God, who answered prayer, and gave him back to us, strong and well.

Many of the Lord's dear children came to our home for prayer, and to learn more perfectly His way of healing. One day, I was hurrying about my work, in anticipation of such visitors, when our youngest boy, who was just learning to walk, caught hold of my dress, and lost his balance. He fell heavily, striking his head just above the right temple, on the sharp iron projecting from under the oven door. The bone was crushed, for I could see the edges of bone all around the hole as I caught him up. He screamed a few times, but as we prayed, he fell asleep in my arms. Not a drop of blood came from the wound; and after a long, sweet sleep, he went happily to play as though nothing unusual had occurred. Later, he had another serious fall while at play, cutting a three-cornered gash in his forehead, which gaped open and bled profusely. His father ran to me with the child, covered with blood; we prayed mightily, as I washed away the blood, which stopped flowing almost instantly, and he fell asleep in my arms. After a long sleep, he went to play, never even putting his hand to his head. The wound healed quickly, leaving only a tiny scar.

The children always accompanied us to church, and from the time they could talk, took an active part in our family worship, which were some of the sweetest hours we spent together.

One winter, while we were living in Minneapolis, Mr. Graves was stricken with pneumonia. His fever was high, and the suffering intense. I had prayed much, but felt the need of help in prayer, and God sent a brother to us who knew how to touch God, and together we prayed through to victory, at his bedside. When we arose from our knees, he was asleep; and on waking, all fever and pain

were gone, and he felt only weakness. We truly praised God for his deliverance. About two o'clock that same night, an old man came hurrying to the door to ask my husband to come and pray with his wife, who had influenza and was frantic with the pain in her head. I told him how ill he had been, and of our precious victory, but said that I did not feel he should go out so soon after his healing. So the man went home, but soon returned, saying that my husband must come, as the poor woman was in great agony. The thermometer registered 38 degrees below zero, and there were no street cars running at that time of night. However, Mr. Graves was willing to go, so I helped him into his warmest clothing, and pinned a blanket around him, praying all the while that God would keep him, and heal the woman. They walked ten blocks in that bitter cold, and God answered prayer and the woman was healed. When he returned, he ate a good breakfast, and went about his duties perfectly well.

Before closing, I wish to thank God, and praise His name for raising Mr. Graves from a most serious attack of pleurisy last winter, and again so wonderfully answering prayer according to His precious Word.

Although there have been many hard, hard places to pass through, which, at times, almost overwhelmed us, yet we have never failed to find underneath us the Everlasting Arms; even when He permitted the loss of our home, and many friends.

The Lord has graciously given us all the wonderful Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and has caused us to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, as the Spirit reveals more and more of His reality and sweetness.

Because God says, "*Whosoever will may come,*" and we came, this little book has been written, and

the wealth of the world could not begin to compare with our riches in Christ Jesus. The years have passed, and our children are now grown, and the Lord continues to say, "Go forward," and "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Faithful is He that calleth you," Reader, "Who also will do it."

Go! and the Lord go with thee.  
Stay! and you stand alone;  
In all things fully trust Him,  
Who sitteth on the throne.

Fear! and fiends mock thee.  
Dare! and the way will clear—  
For the Lord's right hand doth lead thee,  
Thy timid heart to cheer.

He'll open every Red Sea  
Of failure thou dost face;  
He'll never, never leave thee—  
Sufficient is His grace.

The worm shall thresh the moountain,  
And conquer in the plain;  
For God, Himself, is with thee,  
Thou shalt not strive in vain.

The mighty walls of Jericho  
By God, shall be laid low—  
Nothing shall stand before His face,  
His Word declares it so.

So leave it all with Jesus,  
And lean on His sure Word;  
His rest remaineth for thee,  
There, deep in Christ in God.

O Holy, Holy Presence!  
Made man's—through Jesus' blood.  
O wondrous love that bought us!  
Redeemed—to dwell with God.

Mrs. F. A. G.

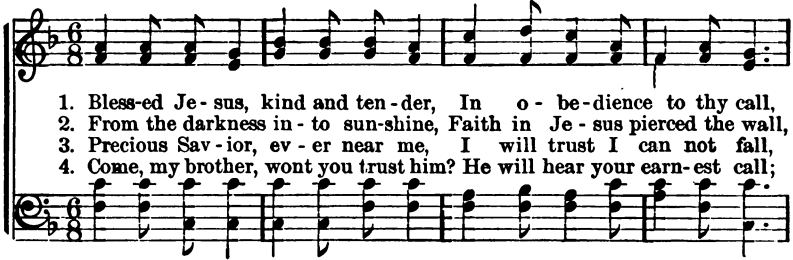
# Room for All.

*Dedicated to the 3rd Sunday-School District.*

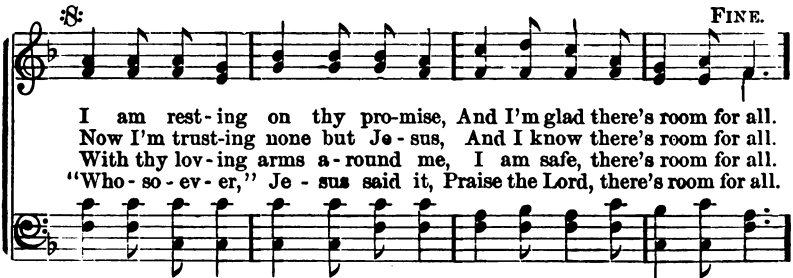
F. A. G.

John 6: 47. Rev. 22: 17.

F. A. GRAVES.



1. Bless-ed Je - sus, kind and ten - der, In o - be - dience to thy call,  
 2. From the dark-ness in - to sun-shine, Faith in Je - sus pierced the wall,  
 3. Precious Sav - ior, ev - er near me, I will trust I can not fall,  
 4. Come, my brother, wont you trust him? He will hear your earn - est call;



I am rest - ing on thy pro - mise, And I'm glad there's room for all.  
 Now I'm trust - ing none but Je - sus, And I know there's room for all.  
 With thy lov - ing arms a - round me, I am safe, there's room for all.  
 "Who - so - ev - er," Je - sus said it, Praise the Lord, there's room for all.

*D. S.* Rest - ing on - ly on thy promise, Praise the Lord, there's room for all.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*



Room for all, room for all, I'm so glad there's room for all.

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# From Jerusalem to Jericho.

MATT. 25-40 (last clause). "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

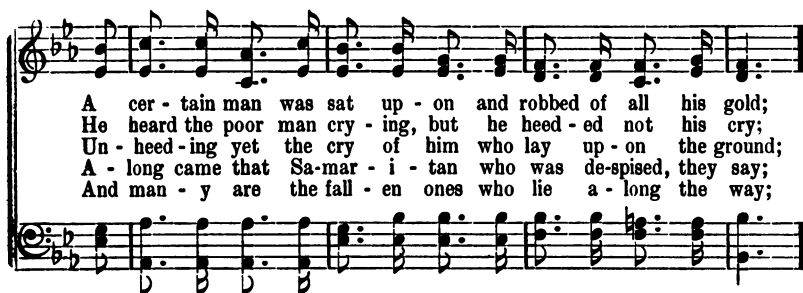
COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY F. A. GRAVES.

Anon.

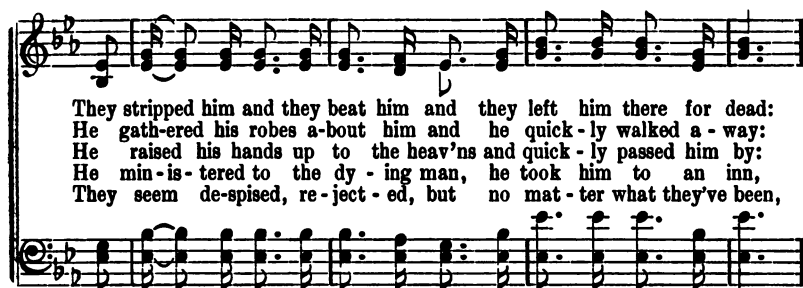
Arr. by F. A. Graves.



1. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a - long that lone - ly road,  
 2. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a cer - tain priest came by,  
 3. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a Le - vite came a - long,  
 4. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, while life was ebb - ing a - way,  
 5. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, we're trav'ling ev' - ry day,



A cer - tain man was sat up - on and robbed of all his gold;  
 He heard the poor man cry - ing, but he heed - ed not his cry;  
 Un - heed - ing yet the cry of him who lay up - on the ground;  
 A - long came that Sa - mar - i - tan who was de - spised, they say;  
 And man - y are the fall - en ones who lie a - long the way;



They stripped him and they beat him and they left him there for dead:  
 He gath - ered his robes a - bout him and he quick - ly walked a - way:  
 He raised his hands up to the heav'ns and quick - ly passed him by:  
 He min - is - tered to the dy - ing man, he took him to an inn,  
 They seem de - spised, re - ject - ed, but no mat - ter what they've been,



Who was it then that came a - long and bathed his ach - ing head?  
 Who was it then that came a - long and min - is - tered that day?  
 Who was it then that came a - long and heed - ed that need - y cry?  
 He paid his way and told the host to take good care of him.  
 When ev' - ry - bod - y casts them out, then Je - sus takes them in.



## From Jerusalem to Jericho.—Concluded.


### CHORUS.





Tell me who,..... tell me who,.....  
Tell me who, tell me who,



Tell me who was his neigh - bor kind and true;



From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho we're trav-l'ing ev - 'ry day,



And man - y are the fall - en ones who lie a - long the way.

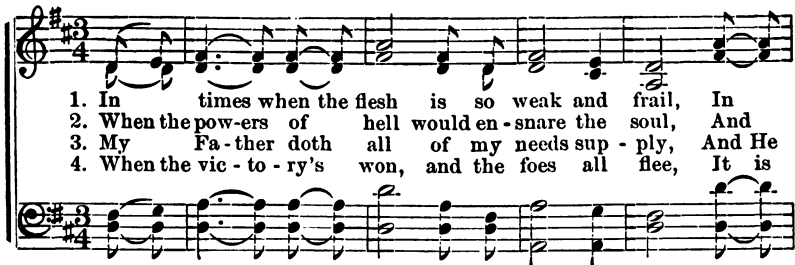


# It is Just Like Him.


"For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. 103: 14.

F. A. G.

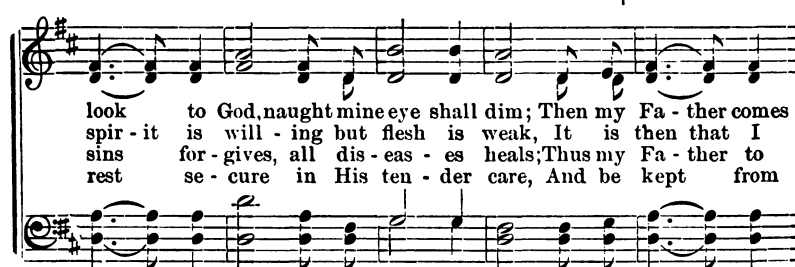
F. A. GRAVES.



1. In times when the flesh is so weak and frail, In  
 2. When the pow-ers of hell would en-snare the soul, And  
 3. My Fa-ther doth all of my needs sup- ply, And He  
 4. When the vic - to - ry's won, and the foes all flee, It is

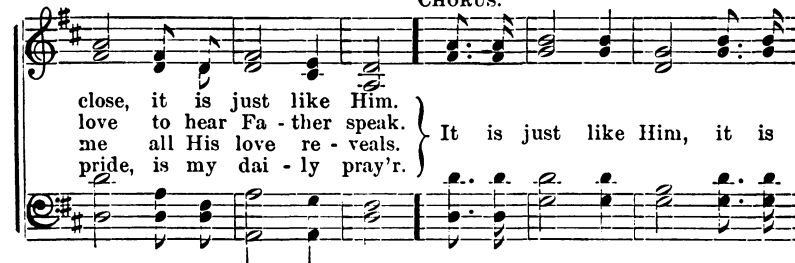


times when the doubts and the fears as - sail, I will  
 turn me a - way from the heav'n - ly goal, When the  
 know - eth them all bet - ter far than I, All my  
 then that I need Fa - ther near to me; Just to

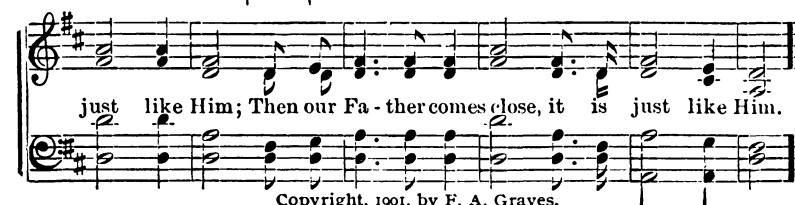


look to God, naught mine eye shall dim; Then my Fa - ther comes  
 spir - it is will - ing but flesh is weak, It is then that I  
 sins for - gives, all dis - eas - es heals; Thus my Fa - ther to  
 rest se - cure in His ten - der care, And be kept from

## CHORUS.



close, it is just like Him.  
 love to hear Fa - ther speak. } It is just like Him, it is  
 me all His love re - veals.  
 pride, is my dai - ly pray'r.



just like Him; Then our Fa - ther comes close, it is just like Him.

# He'll Never Forget to Keep me.

"Yes, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3. "For I am the Lord, I change not."—MAL. 3: 6.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

TENOR & ALTO DUET.

1. My Fa-ther has many dear children; Will He ever for-get to keep me?
2. Our Fa-ther remembers the sparrows, Their value and fall He doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is He;
4. I now will a-bide in His shadow, Never restless nor fearful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you accept Him? He offers sal-va-tion so free;

He gave His own Son to redeem them, And He cannot forget to keep me.  
But dearer to Him are His children, And He'll never forget to keep me.  
Tho' mother forget her own offspring, Yet He'll never forget to keep me.  
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never forget to keep me.  
Re-pent and be-lieve and obey Him, And He'll never forget to keep thee.

REFRAIN.

He'll never for-get to keep me(keep me), He'll never forget to keep me(keep me);  
5th v. He'll never for-get to keep thee(keep thee), He'll never forget to keep thee(keep thee);

Hegave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll never forget to keep me.  
2d v. But dearer to Him are His children, And He'll never forget to keep me.  
3d v. Tho' mother for-get her own off-spring, Yet He'll never forget to keep me.  
4th v. In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never forget to keep me.  
5th v. Repent and be-lieve and o-bey Him, And He'll never forget to keep thee.

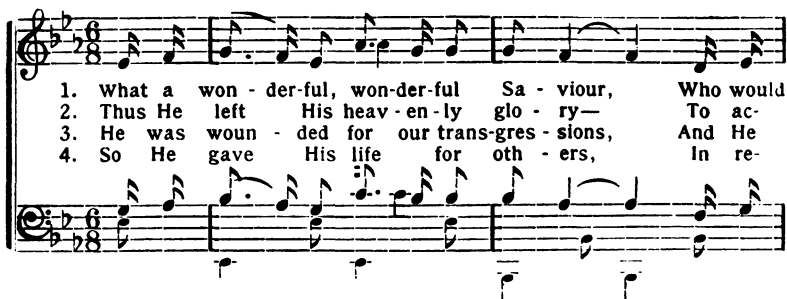
# He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

Surely He hath borne our sickness and carried our sorrows. Isa. 53: 4,

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

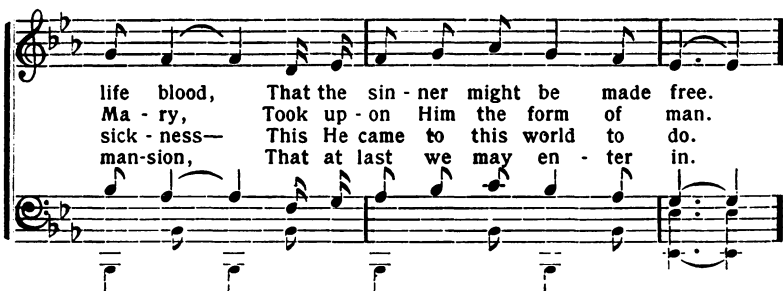
*Tenor and Alto Duet.*



1. What a won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sa - viour, Who would  
 2. Thus He left His heav - en - ly glo - ry— To ac -  
 3. He was woun - ded for our trans - gres - sions, And He  
 4. So He gave His life for oth - ers, In re -

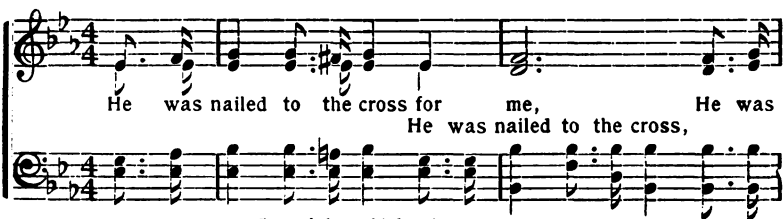


die on the cross for me! Freely shedding His pre - cious  
 com - pish His Fath - ers plan; He was born of the Vir - gin  
 car - ried our sor - rows too; He's the Healer of ev - ery  
 deem - ing this world from sin; And He's gone to pre - pare a



life blood, That the sin - ner might be made free.  
 Ma - ry, Took up - on Him the form of man.  
 sick - ness— This He came to this world to do.  
 man - sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

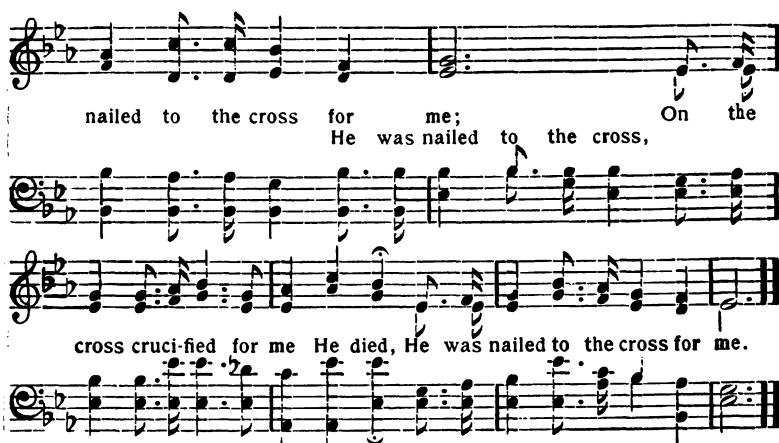
CHORUS.



He was nailed to the cross for me, He was  
 He was nailed to the cross,

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## He was Nailed—Concluded.



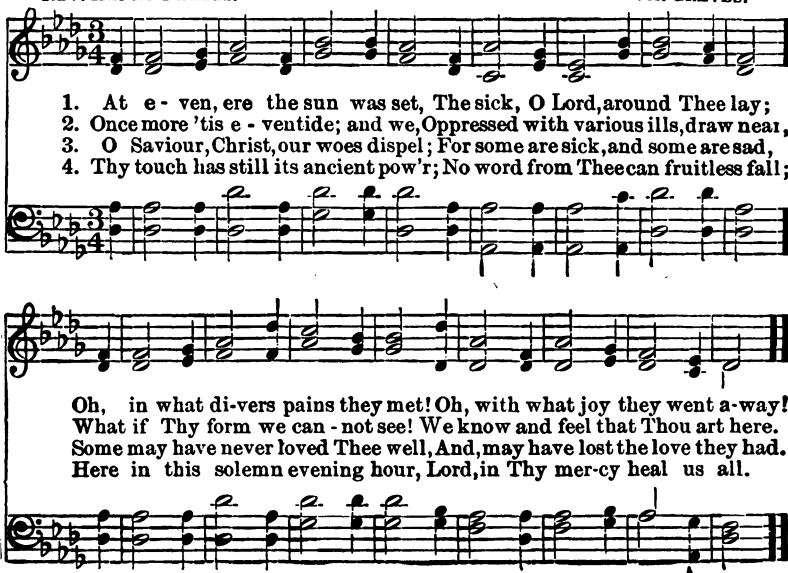
nailed to the cross for me; On the  
He was nailed to the cross,  
cross cruci-fied for me He died, He was nailed to the cross for me.

## At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

And He cast out the spirits with a word, and healed all that were sick. Matt. 8: 16.

REV. HENRY TWELLS.

F. A. GRAVES.



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis e - ventide; and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near,
3. O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick, and some are sad,
4. Thy touch has still its ancient pow'r; No word from Thee can fruitless fall;

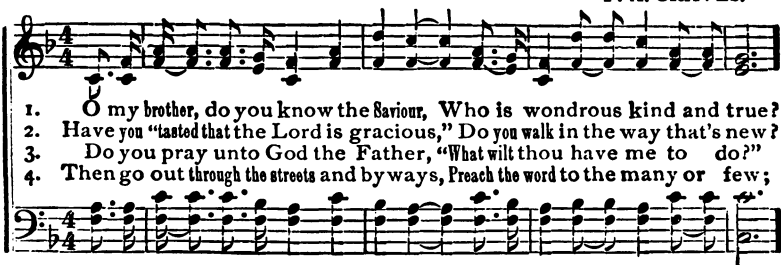
Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way!  
What if Thy form we can - not see! We know and feel that Thou art here.  
Some may have never loved Thee well, And, may have lost the love they had.  
Here in this solemn evening hour, Lord, in Thy mer-cy heal us all.

# Honey in the Rock.

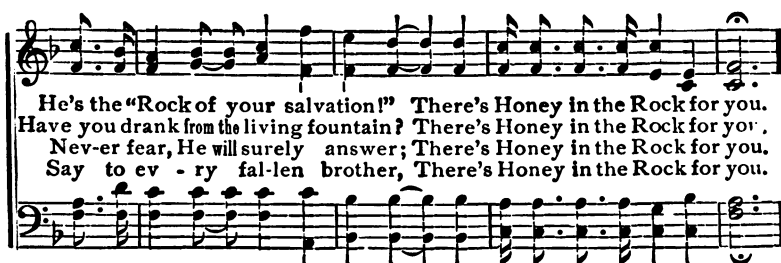
"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." Ps. 81: 16.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

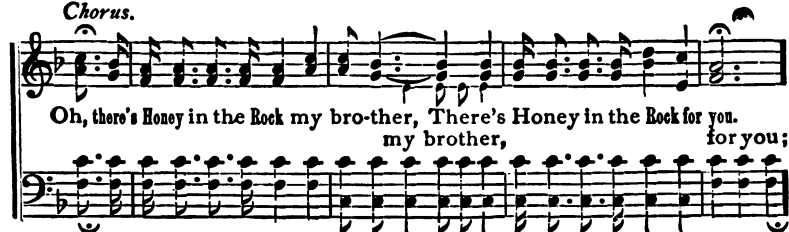


1. O my brother, do you know the Saviour, Who is wondrous kind and true?  
 2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious," Do you walk in the way that's new?  
 3. Do you pray unto God the Father, "What wilt thou have me to do?"  
 4. Then go out through the streets and byways, Preach the word to the many or few;

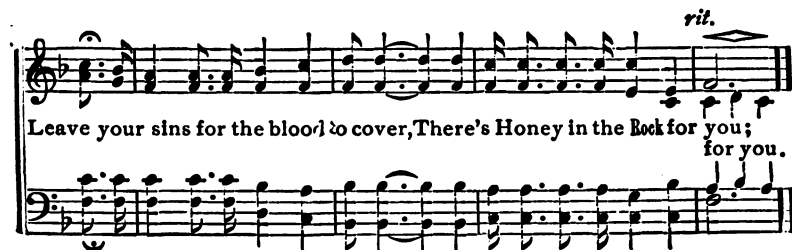


He's the "Rock of your salvation!" There's Honey in the Rock for you.  
 Have you drank from the living fountain? There's Honey in the Rock for you.  
 Nev-er fear, He will surely answer; There's Honey in the Rock for you.  
 Say to ev - ry fal-len brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you.

*Chorus.*



Oh, there's Honey in the Rock my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you.  
 my brother, for you;



*rit.*  
 Leave your sins for the blood to cover, There's Honey in the Rock for you;  
 for you.

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## Consecration.

"And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" 1st Chron. 29:5.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. Our Father in heav'n, in our weakness we bow, For grace, and strength, we pray.  
 2. Thou hast said in thy word, "none shall be turned away, If in faith they come to thee;"  
 3. Here the sunshine of heav'n, with its warm rays of light, Gives peace, and joy, within;  
 4. When in love, not in wrath, thou shalt call us away To the place where the streets are of gold

Fill our hearts with the joy that the world cannot give, Praise the Lord, cannot take a-way,  
 Dead to sin, and to self, blessed Jesus, we come, And thine, ever thine, will be.;  
 Here is food, for the faint, for the weary, a rest, And a cure for the foulest sin  
 May we find many there, we have led unto thee, Safe at home in the Saviour's fold.

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## Confidence.

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer." Ps. 61: 1.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. Lord, clasp my faltering hand in thine; Too weak I am to walk a-lone;  
 2. Tempted at times, to trust in self, And in this self, feel brave and strong;  
 3. I'll trust in thee each day, and hour, As through this sinful world I go;  
 4. If I in thee shall fall a - sleep, Or in the clouds shall see thee come;

My path dear Lord, I would not choose, But ev-er say, "Thy will be done."  
 Help, in my weakness, thee to trust, To do the right, and shun the wrong.  
 I'll lean up-on thine arm of power, And then defeat I ne'er shall know.  
 Then, where there'll be no cause to weep, Greet me my Saviour in that home.

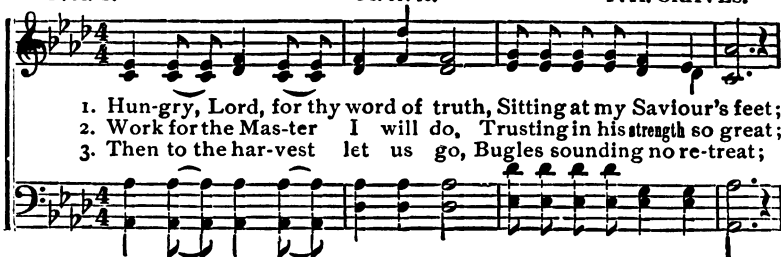
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## Fed Upon the Finest of the Wheat.

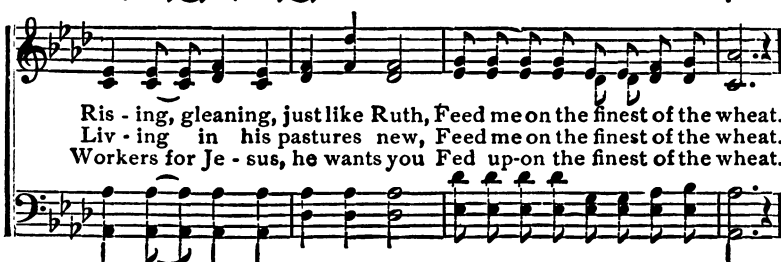
F. A. G.

Ps. 81: 16,

F. A. GRAVES.

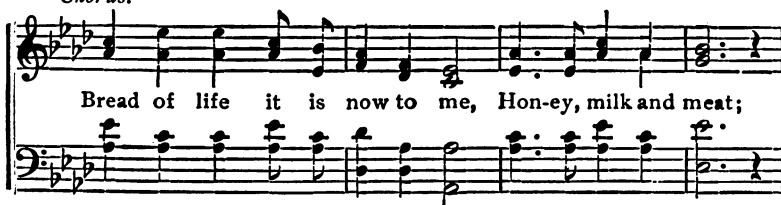


1. Hun-gry, Lord, for thy word of truth, Sitting at my Saviour's feet;  
 2. Work for the Mas-ter I will do, Trusting in his strength so great;  
 3. Then to the har-vest let us go, Bugles sounding no re-treat;

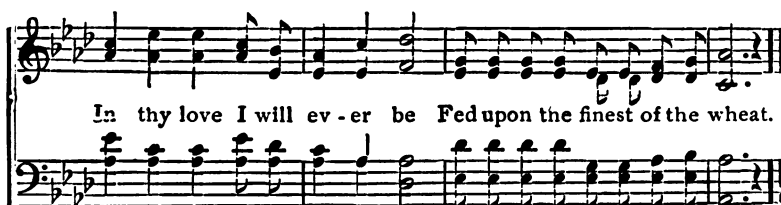


Ris-ing, glean-ing, just like Ruth, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.  
 Liv-ing in his pastures new, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.  
 Workers for Je-sus, he wants you Fed up-on the finest of the wheat.

*Chorus.*



Bread of life it is now to me, Hon-ey, milk and meat;



In thy love I will ev-er be Fed upon the finest of the wheat.

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## I Am Coming to the Cross.

1. I am coming to the cross;  
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 I am counting all but dross,  
 I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS,

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
 Humbly at thy cross I bow,  
 Jesus, save me, save me now.

2. Here I give my all to thee,  
 Friends and time and earthly store,  
 Soul and body thine to be,—  
 Wholly thine for ever more.

3. Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in Him I am;  
 I am every whit made whole;  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.